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THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED
By JOHN DRYDEN.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

VOL. I.

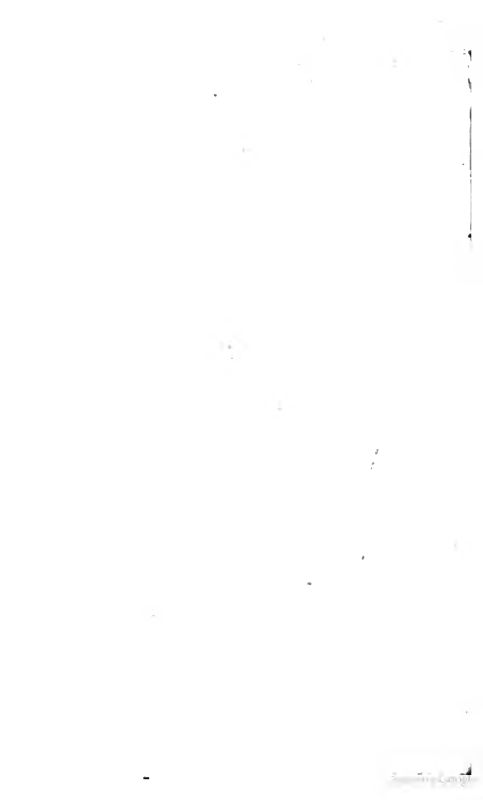
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1810.

THE
PASTORALS.



DEDICATION

OF THE

PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HUGH, LORD CLIFFORD¹,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice². To the greater part I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot show at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of Fortune; since, in the midst of that abundance, I could not possibly

¹ The son of lord-treasurer Clifford, to whom the Dedicator had inscribed his tragedy of 'Amboyna.'

² Dryden is here supposed to allude to the circumscribed sphere of his own religion and politics.

have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced me to Augustus; and though he soon dismissed himself from state-affairs, yet, in the short time of his administration, he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate, and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your lordship, is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study and oppressed by fortune; without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe; I can only hear of that blessing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and, if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect: and I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your lordship some delight, though made English by one who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his

first essay in poetry (if the 'Ceiris' was not his): and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two; and I began this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights; and which, I must confess, is proper to the education and converse of shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was, even in his youth, preluding to his Georgics and his *Æneïs*. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently, circling in the air, and singing, to the ground; like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights; still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first, he contains himself within his bounds: but addressing to Pollio, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his

native character, which is sublimity—putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his *Æneas*. It is true, he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paulo majora*, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage: but what avails an express command to a youthful courage, which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds further in the sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And, notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses; yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter, a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holy-day shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed both in the *Pollio* and the *Silenus*, where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and

dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his patron, somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth pastoral, he collects some beautiful passages, which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest, he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes, like him, a just decorum both of the subject and the persons; as particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

*In medio duo signa : Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?*

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose. Whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus, I dispute not : but he was certainly forgotten, to show his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate : though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could, as in the *cujum pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *merum rus*, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral into his own country, and brought it there to bear

as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former: for the *Shepherd's Kalendar* of Spenser is not to be matched in any modern language, not even by Tasso's *Amin-ta*; which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the *Piscatory Eclogues*³, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder, that, rolling down, through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

*Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

But Spenser, being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate, and could

³ The *Piscatoria* of Sannazarius, which are facetiously censured by Tickell in No. 28 of the *Guardian*.

not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and, I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, (which without flattery are eminent,) the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity, are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose, till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have, besides, the fresh remembrance of your noble father, from whom you never can degenerate.

*Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.*

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind, I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know, without my information, that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons; and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line which had formerly protected them, and followed their principles and fortunes to the last: so that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first mo-

ment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleased therefore to accept the rudiments of Virgil's poetry, coarsely translated, I confess ; but which yet retain some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that they appear sometimes in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise, and gives Fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must. It is good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can ; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity ; and to provide ourselves of the virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your lordship, is of this nature. I wish pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil, and not lessen it for the faults of his translator ; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble
And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN,

PREFACE

TO

THE PASTORALS;

WITH A SHORT

DEFENCE OF VIRGIL,

AGAINST SOME OF THE REFLECTIONS OF MONSIEUR FONTENELLE,

By William Walsh, Esq^l.

As the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so, of all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence and simplicity, which the moderns (better to dispense themselves from imitating,) have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous and impracticable. And yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was

¹ Mr. Malone seems to think it probable, that Dr. Knightly Chetwood was the author of this Preface, though attributed to the early patron of Pope. See Dryden's Prose works, iii. 549.

not then looked upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to ; and we know the names of several, who saw and practised the world for a longer space of time, than we can read the account of, in any one entire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful arts, pasturage, tillage, geometry, writing, music, astronomy, &c.; whilst the moderns, like extravagant heirs made rich by their industry, ungratefully deride the good old gentlemen who left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that pastorals are fallen into disesteem, together with that fashion of life upon which they were grounded. And methinks I see the reader already uneasy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and posting to the *Æneïs* : so delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public mischief and slaughter now become to mankind. And yet Virgil passed a much different judgment on his own works : he valued most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity ; but censures himself in one of his letters to Augustus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the Essay of Poetry, take no notice of it : and monsieur Boileau (one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight) bestows scarce half a page on it.

It is the design therefore of the few following pages to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices ; to vindicate our author from some unjust

imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it: in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is meanly, of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation; 'pastoral is the imitation of a shepherd considered under that character.' It is requisite, therefore, to be a little informed of the condition and qualification of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satirically enough, that, 'Mankind is the measure of every thing.' And thus, by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education. But men had quite different notions of these things for the first four thousand years of the world. Health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman: anciently, it was quite otherways. M. Flenry has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shows an affinity of humour with the savage Americans. The barbarous

Franks and other Germans (having neither corn nor wine of their own growth), when they passed the Rhine, and possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion; and from hence it is, that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasioned by hunting, has kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the best and greatest peers² which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our sur-names, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings, the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of the deposing of Mahomet the Fourth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet; an ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surprised to find that Charlemagne, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession: and eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no clothes but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and

² The duke of Shrewsbury.

Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorned by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not, therefore, to be matter of surprise to a modern writer, that kings (the shepherds of the people in Homer,) laid down their first rudiments in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds; the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is called *διος ἰφιοργέος* in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phœnician pirates; which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king Latæus, in the ninth *Æneid*, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished: the learning and good-breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate

an affair as, which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties of heaven,—he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her husband, her native country, and from a crown,—understood what the French call by the too soft name of *galanterie*; he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that M. Fontenelle had not duly considered the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his pastorals, in making shepherds speak to things beside their character, and above their capacity. He stands amazed that shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the world, and that too according to the system of Epicurus. ‘In truth,’ (says he, page 176,) I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece (the sixth Pastoral). I can neither comprehend the design of the author, nor the connection of the parts. First come the ideas of philosophy, and presently after these incoherent fables, &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins, ‘It is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd discourse. Virgil says, indeed, that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the debauch hung in his head when he composed this poem, &c.’ Thus far M. Fontenelle; who, to the disgrace of reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his house, and then studied architecture; I mean, first composed his Eclogues, and then studied the rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applause; insomuch, that Cicero, who had heard part of it

only, ordered the whole to be rehearsed ; and, struck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this : we have the same account from another very credible and ancient author ; so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the single opinion of this adventurous critic. A man ought to be well assured of his own abilities, before he attacks an author of established reputation. If M. Fontenelle has perused the fragments of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the progress of learning through the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found (which falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldean shepherd discovered to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession ? Nor does it appear (what he takes for granted), that Virgil describes the original of the world according to the hypothesis of Epicurus. He was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake ; there is not the least mention of *chance* in that whole passage, nor of the *clinamen principiorum* ; so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgment to introduce a god denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses :

and the eloquent commentator Dacier, who is so confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil: for, besides the famous passage in the sixth *Æneid* (by which this may be illustrated), where the word *principio* is used in front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned, and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as M. Dacier would suggest, allude to the ‘*Spirit moving upon the face of the waters* ;’ but omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the world is evidently described in these words,

Rerum paulatim sumere formas :

and it is hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses, ‘*Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear*,’ than in this of Virgil,

Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto.

After this, the formation of the sun is described (exactly in the Mosaical order), and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number, (still in the same method)

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforesaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly to the Mosaic system, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coæval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts, rather than Epicurus, when he composed this poem. But it is

further remarkable, that this passage was taken from a song attributed to Apollo, who himself, too, unluckily had been a shepherd; and he took it from another yet more ancient, composed by the first inventor of music, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity. And, because I cannot suppose the ingenious M. Fontenelle one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, though none of the commentators have observed it.

—————ερατη δ' οἱ ἔσπιτο Φωνη,
 Κραίων ἀθανάτης τε θεῶς, καὶ γαίαν ἐρεμνῆν,
 ὧς τα πρῶτα γέγοντο, καὶ ὧς λαχέμοιραν ἕκαστος, &c.

Thus Linns too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanced in Musæus himself; so that our poet here, with great judgment, (as always,) follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation; and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd. And thus, the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral than the *Saturnia regna*, the age and scene of this

kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the song of a god, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure? Their families lived in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs; that is, falling and being drowned, as Hylas was? Pasiphaë's monstrous passion for a bull is certainly a subject enough fitted for bucolics. Can M. Fontenelle tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the sisters of Phaëton into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars;—or the metamorphosis of Philomela into that ravishing bird, which makes the sweetest music of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted honest Servius, he would have discovered, that under the allegory of this drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exultation of men's minds by philosophy was intended. But, if the author of these reflections can take such flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a sin, or that he should ever want good store of Burgundy and Champagne. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of Silenus's tankard, when he composed either his Critique or Pastorals.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other. It is entitled, in some ancient manuscripts, the History of the Renovation of the World: he complains that he 'cannot understand

what is meant by those many figurative expressions : but, if he had consulted the younger Vossius's dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor Constantine, (made French by a good pen of their own,) he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions ; and, withal, very strong proofs of the truths of the Christian religion : such as converted heathens ; as Valerianus, and others. And upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of Divination ; and Virgil probably had put it in verse a considerable time before the edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his son, but complimentally dates it from his consulship ; and, therefore, some one who had not so kind thoughts of M. Fontenelle as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occasions should be maintained in the whole poem. This appears in all the ancient Greek writers, as Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, (not only in this work, but in his *Æneis* too,) that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting *Æneas* to do nothing without the assistance of some god. But by this it appears, at least, that M. St. Evremont is no Jansenist.

M. Fontenelle seems a little defective in this point: he brings in a pair of shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a goddess or a woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, (none of the meanest attributes of the divinity,) pass for convincing arguments that she could not possibly be a goddess.

*Les Déeses, toujours fières et méprisantes,
Ne rassureroient point les bergères tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux.
Mais tu l'as vu : cette auguste personne,
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux,
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle étonne ;
Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu' à nous.*

In short, she has too many divine perfections to be a deity, and therefore she is a mortal; which was the thing to be proved. It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make such odious preferences. I am much surprised, therefore, that he should use such an argument as this :

*Cloris, as-tu vu des déesses
Avoir un air si facile et si doux?*

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too easy of access to Tithonus, to Anchises, and to Endymion? Is there any thing more sparkish and better-humoured than Venus's accosting her son in the deserts of Libya? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes, one of the most per-

fect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads ; where she condescends to *raillé* him so agreeably ; and, notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot? But the Odysseys are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once :

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni—

which Brebœuf has rendered so flatly, and which may be thus paraphrased :

Heaven meanly with the conqueror did comply ;
But Cato, rather than submit, would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion, to compliment their princes at the expense of their deities.

But, letting that pass, this whole eclogue is but a long paraphrase of a trite verse in Virgil, and Homer,

Nec vox hominem sonat : O Dea certe !

So true is that remark of the admirable Earl of Roscommon, if applied to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the English, since his own death :

..... one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole
pages shine.

Another rule is, that the characters should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractised

plainness, which was then in the world. P^{er}e Rapin has gathered many instances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But M. Fontenelle transgressed this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket, to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill-breeding at Versailles: the Arcadian shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one, for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some *ordonnance*, some design or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observed by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue, the standard of all pastorals. A beautiful landscape presents itself to your view; a shepherd with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnished the first food to our ancestors; another in a quite different situation of mind and circumstances; the sun setting; the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here M. Fontenelle seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of Corydon for Alexis, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half pruned (which, ac-

according to the Roman rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it), whilst he pursued an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd comforting himself, in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth, a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the pastorals now extant; his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Augustus, by turning it into an apotheosis of Julius Cæsar.

The sixth is the Silenus.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first composed at Mantua.

The eighth is the description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm.

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But M. Fontenelle is a great deal too uniform: begin where you please, the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toujours, toujours de l'amour.

He seems to take pastorals and love-verses for the same thing. Has human nature no other passion? Does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a

capriccio of honour, and laziness itself, often triumph over love? But this passion does all, not only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But dramatics have been composed in complaisance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whose example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the scenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verses is not so much an effect of their amorousness, as of immoderate self-love; this being the only sort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without censure, but even with commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna, in this whole affair. Be pleased to look into almost any of those writers, and you shall meet every where that eternal *Moi*, which the admirable Pascal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one so particular quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the *Iliad*, or the *Odysseys*: and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This consideration might induce those great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four first verses of the *Æneis*, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky *Ille ego*. But extraordinary geniuses have a sort of prerogative, which may dispense them from laws, binding to subject wits. However, the ladies have the less reason to be pleased with those addresses, of which the poet takes the

greater share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing-room ; but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule (which one may hope will not be contested) is, that the writer should show in his compositions some competent skill of the subject matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and economy of a poem, Virgil much excels his master Theocritus. The poet is better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks ; the furniture, diet, the lodging and pastimes, of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by M. Fontenelle are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheep-hook as awkwardly as they do their oaten reed. They saunter about with their *chers moutons* ; but they relate as little to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship, does to the history designed. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mont Brison and Marcilli, to the flowery banks of Lignon, or the Charante, they are driving directly à *la boucherie*, to make money of them. I hope hereafter M. Fontenelle will choose his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently used, as they

are still by the eastern nations; philosophical questions, ænigmas, &c. ; and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion. He has proposed one riddle, which has never yet been solved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his Pastorals, and keeps close to the character of antiquity. Nor ought the connections and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the Pastorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connection, we have instances in the writings of the ancient Chinese, of the Jews, and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the choruses of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If M. Fontenelle and Ruæus had considered this, the one would have spared his critique of the sixth, and the other his reflections upon the ninth Pastoral. The over-scrupulous care of connections makes the modern compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: and by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the incomparable M. Pascal, and perhaps of M. Bruyère, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after Nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect, than a curious *parterre* of sorted flowers in our gardens: and we are much more transported

with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear night, when we behold stars of all magnitudes promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious lights were ranked in their several orders, or reduced into the finest geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by Père Rapin, as some of his are by me (for I do not design an entire treatise in this preface), is, that not only the sentences should be short and smart (upon which account he justly blames the Italian and French, as too talkative), but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgressed this rule in his first Pastorals, (I mean those which he composed at Mantua,) but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the *Culex*, which is as long as five of his Pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finished have less than a hundred verses; and but two of them exceed that number. But the *Silenus*, which he seems to have designed for his master-piece, in which he introduces a god singing, and he too full of inspiration (which is intended by that ebriety, which M. Fontenelle so unreasonably ridicules), though it goes through so vast a field of matter, and comprises the mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject-matter, the noble fashion of handling it, and the deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency: for poetry and pastime was not the business of men's lives in those days, but only their seasonable recreation after necessary labours. And therefore

the length of some of the modern Italian and English compositions is against the rules of this kind of poesy.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the versification of pastorals, though it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse (as it is commonly called) was used by the Greeks in this sort of poem, as very ancient and natural; lyrics, iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the numbers of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a genus, than species, of verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi—
the first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram—
and of the *Æneïs*,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of pastoral usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most ancient sort of poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it: and therefore a French historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes that

invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it ; and, therefore, those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verse as this,

Vir, precor, uxori, frater succurre sorori,

was passable in Ovid : but the nicer ears in Augustus's court could not pardon Virgil for .

At regina pyrâ—

so that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks. It was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables into one disjointed verse. They may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport of anger ; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus,

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek ; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latin ; and therefore a man might as well go about to persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into iambics, and therefore the diligent reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate orations of Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic ; and therefore the beginning of Livy's History is half a hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. The Roman historian³, describing the glorious effort of a colonel to break through a brigade of the enemies just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a verse not unworthy Virgil himself—

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cunctoque
Facto, per medios—&c.*

Ours, and the French, can at best but fall into blank verse, which is a fault in prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both ; but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the state and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire the Romans doted into rhyme, as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church ; and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give an instance out of a poem which had the good luck

Livy.

to gain the prize in 1685 ; for the subject deserved a nobler pen.

*Tous les jours ce grand roy, des autres roys l'exemple,
S'ouvre un nouveau chemin au faite de ton temple, &c.*

The judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of verse near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a famous academical, in which he, most compassionately, excuses the ancients for their not being so exact in their compositions as the modern French, because they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a dictionary, and such a patron as cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspired to the honour of Balzac's legacy of ten pounds, *Le prix de l'éloquence*.

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which are not more harmonious, more truly rhythmical, than most of the French or English sonnets ; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native beauty by translation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occasion, that the French verse is oftentimes not so much as rhyme, in the lowest sense ; for the childish repetition of the same note cannot be called music ; such instances are infinite, as in the forecited poem :

épris	trophée	caché
mépris	Orphée	cherché

M. Boileau himself has a great deal of this *μονοτονία*, not by his own neglect, but purely by

the faultiness and poverty of the French tongue. M. Fontenelle at last goes into the excessive paradoxes of M. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs; preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer, of as good credit, has assured us that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

Exact propriety of word and thought ⁴.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another, (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged) after all those golden dreams at the Louvre, that their pieces will be as much valued, ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H———k ⁵, of the Royal Society, if he should pretend to show me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When M. Fontenelle wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do consist.

Cum mortuis non nisi larvæ luctantur.

⁴ Essay of Poetry.

⁵ Probably Robert Hook, M.D. an eminent philosopher, and curator of experiments to the Royal Society.

PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession; and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd ;
 For never can I deem him less than god.
 The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
 Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
 He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain,
 And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
 That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
 Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
 No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
 Far different is my fate ; my feeble goats
 With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes :
 And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
 Who, yeaning, on the rocks has left her young ;
 The hope and promise of my failing fold.
 My loss, by dire portents, the gods foretold ;
 For, had I not been blind, I might have seen :—
 Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
 And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
 By croaking from the left, presag'd the coming blow.
 But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
 Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour ?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
 Like Mantua, where on market-days we come, }
 And thither drive our tender lambs from home. }
 So kids and whelps their sires and dams express,
 And so the great I measur'd by the less.
 But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
 Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome ?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come,
 Nor did my search of liberty begin,
 Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin ;
 Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
 Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
 I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain :
 Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
 And many a cheese to country markets brought,
 Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return ;
 We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
 For whom so late the' ungather'd apples hung.
 But now the wonder ceases, since I see
 She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee ;
 For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
 And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do ?—While here I was chain'd,
 No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd ;
 Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
 To find a god so present to my prayer.
 There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd,
 For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
 He heard my vows, and graciously decree'd
 My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man ! whose farm remains—
 For you sufficient—and requites your pains ;
 Though rushes overspread the neighbouring
 plains,

Though here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
 And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
 Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
 Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
 Behold ! yon bordering fence of sallow trees
 Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with
 bees :

The busy bees, with a soft murmuring strain,
 Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
 While, from the neighbouring rock, with rural songs,
 The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
 Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
 And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS.

The' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
 And fish on shore, and stags in air, shall range,
 The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
 And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
 Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
 Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
 Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone :
 And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
 Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold ;
 The rest among the Britons be confin'd,
 A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
 O ! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
 Nor, after length of rolling years, return ?
 Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
 No more our houses and our homes to see ?
 Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
 And rule the country kingdoms, once our own ?

Did we for these barbarians plant and sow ?
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow ?
 Good heaven ! what dire effects from civil dis-
 cord flow !

Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine ;
 The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.

Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !

No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme !

No more, extended in the grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow

The prickly shrubs ; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.

No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;

No more my song shall please the rural crew :

Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the world, adieu !

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care ;

Chesnuts, and curds and cream, shall be your fare ;

The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread ;

And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.

For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends ;

And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples. But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, the unhappy shepherd swain,
 The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
 And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
 Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan:—
 Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward?
 And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
 Now the green lizard in the grove is laid;
 The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
 And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
 For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats;
 While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.

The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face ;
Beauty's a charm ; but soon the charm will pass.
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn ; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow ;
What stores my dairies and my folds contain—
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain ;
New milk, that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd ; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood :
The winds were still ; and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town ! O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me !
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browsing goats ;
To pipe and sing, and, in our country strain,
To copy, or, perhaps, contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds ;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe : Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave,

And said,—“ This, Corydon, I leave to thee ;
For only thou deserv'st it after me.”
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift ;
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.—
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd :
They drain two bagging udders every day ;
And these shall be companions of thy play ;
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain :
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care !
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell ;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue ;
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum ;
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis used to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon ! ah, poor unhappy swain !
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain :
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.

What have I done, to name that wealthy swain ?
So powerful are his presents, mine so mean !
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring,
And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
Ah cruel creature ! whom dost thou despise ?
The gods, to live in woods, have left the skies ;
And godlike Paris, in the' Idæan grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd CEnone's love.
In cities, which she built, let Pallas reign ;
Towers are for gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse ;
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon :
All follow several games, and each his own.
See, from afar, the fields no longer smoke ;
The sweating steers, unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough ;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low ;
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove :
Ah, cruel heaven ! that made no cure for love !
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain ;
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd ?
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire !
Mind what the common wants of life require ;
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care ;
And find an easier love, though not so fair.

PASTORAL III.

OR,

PALEMÓN.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALEMÓN.

ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at song: and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances; who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS.

Ho, swain! what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

Ægon's they are: he gave them me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!	}
While he Nææra courts, but courts in vain,	
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain.	
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour;	
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;	
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams,	
And of their mother's dugs the starving lambs.	

DAMÆTAS.

Good words, young catamite, at least to men.
 We know who did your business, how and when ;
 And in what chapel too you play'd your prize,
 And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes :—
 The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd ; and there
 your safety lies.

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys,
 Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays !

DAMÆTAS.

Or rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
 The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts, you broke,
 When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right ;
 And, but for mischief, you had died for spite.

MENALCAS.

What nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
 When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate !
 Did I not see you, rascal, did I not,
 When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat ?
 His mongrel bark'd ; I ran to his relief, [thief !
 And cried,—‘ There, there he goes ! stop, stop the
 Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
 You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAMÆTAS.

An honest man may freely take his own :
 The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
 A solemn match was made ; he lost the prize.
 Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies.
 I think he dares not ; if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him ? thou booby !—Never pipe
 Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip.
 Dunce at the best ! in streets but scarce allow'd
 To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMÆTAS.

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
 Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
 My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
 Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day.
 And twice besides her beestings never fail
 To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
 Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS.

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
 You know too well, I feed my father's flock;
 What can I wager from the common stock?
 A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
 Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me.
 Both number twice a day the milky dams;
 And once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
 But, since you will be mad, and since you may
 Suspect my courage, if I should not lay;
 The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
 Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
 Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
 To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
 The lids are ivy; grapes in clusters lurk
 Beneath the carying of the curious work.
 Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear—
 Conon, and, what's his name who made the sphere, }
 And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year,
 Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
 And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAMÆTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
 The wood the same; from the same hand they come,
 (The kimbo handles seem with bear's-foot carv'd)
 And never yet to table have been serv'd;

Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
 With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove.
 But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
 Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin!
 I prophesy before-hand, I shall win.
 Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme:
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer, come on! and do the worst you can;
 I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
 With silence, neighbour, and attention, wait,
 For 'tis a business of a high debate.

PALEMON.

Sing then; the shade affords a proper place,
 The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with
 grass;
 The blossoms blow, the birds on bushes sing,
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
 The challenge to Damætas shall belong;
 Menalcas shall sustain his under-song:
 Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
 By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMÆTAS.

From the great father of the gods above
 My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove;
 To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
 My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires,
 And, in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
 For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
 My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

My Phyllis me with pelted applies plies :
 Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
 And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MENALCAS.

But fair Amyntas comes unmask'd to me,
 And offers love, and sits upon my knee,
 Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear mistress of my love sick mind,
 Her swain a pretty present has design'd :
 I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long
 Will take the nest ; and hers shall be the young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
 And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground :
 I sent Amyntas all my present store ;
 And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms ;
 And all she said and did was full of charms.
 Winds ! on your wings to heaven her accents bear ;
 Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah ! what avails it me, my love's delight,
 To call you mine, when absent from my sight ?
 I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey,
 And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my birth-day : send my Phyllis home ;
 At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you ;
 Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue :
 ' Adieu, my dear ! ' she said, ' a long adieu ! '

DAMÆTAS.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
 Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold ;
 But, from my frowning fair, more ills I find,
 Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain ;
 The show'rs are grateful to the swelling grain ;
 To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree ;
 But, more than all the world, my love to me.

DAMÆTAS.

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read :
 A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My Pollio writes himself :—a bull he bred,
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAMÆTAS.

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
 Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
 Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
 And showers of honey from his oaks distil,

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
 (Dead Mævius!) damn'd to love thy works and thee !
 The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
 Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye boys, who pluck the flowers, and spoil the spring,
 Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep ;
 The ground is false ; the running streams are deep :
 See, they have caught the father of the flock,
 Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DAMÆTAS.

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your hook ;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my flock!—when milk is dried with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come !
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

MENALCAS.

My flocks are free from love, yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs ?

DAMÆTAS.

Say, where the round of heaven, which all contains, }
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains : }
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new region springs
A flower, that bears inscrib'd the names of kings ;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self ; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd, the prize.
Rest equal happy both ; and all who prove
The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains, of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain ;
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

POLLIO.

ARGUMENT.

The poet celebrates the birth-day of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain !
 Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
 Delight not all ; Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd course : Saturnian times
 Roll round again ; and mighty years, begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends ;
 A golden progeny from heaven descends.
 O chaste Lucina ! speed the mother's pains ;
 And haste the glorious birth ! thy own Apollo reigns !
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace :
 Majestic months set out with him to their ap-
 pointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore ;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and he
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offerings to her infant king.

The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.

His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd :
The serpent's brood shall die ; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear ;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn ;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep ;
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall
creep.

Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain ;
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain ;
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round,
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground ;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore ;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore ;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego :
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.

The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin: [vine; }
 No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the }
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine ;
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat ;
 And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
 The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial seed! O foster-son of Jove!
 See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main!
 See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air ;
 And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks
 appear.

To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath prolong,
 Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays ;
 Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the
 lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their god condemn.

Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about [out.
 Thy infant eyes, and with a smile, thy mother single
 Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and tra-
 vail to requite.

Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read :
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the
 bed.

PASTORAL V.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity; the whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that silvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make;
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

Your merit and your years command the choice;
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first ; if either Alcon's praise,
 Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays :
 If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
 Begin ; and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
 Which on the beech's bark I lately writ ?
 I writ, and sung betwixt. Now bring the swain
 Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MENALCAS.

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
 Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose ;
 Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
 Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay :
 The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
 The nymphs about the breathless body wait
 Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
 The trees and floods were witness to their tears :
 At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
 The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
 Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
 She sigh'd, she sobb'd ; and, furious with despair, }
 She rent her garments, and she tore her hair, }
 Accusing all the gods, and every star.
 The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
 Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
 The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
 From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
 The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore ; }
 They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore ; }
 The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.

Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,
 And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear.
 Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,
 And holy revels for his reeling train.
 As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn ;
 So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
 The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
 When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
 Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook :
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
 Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain :
 No fruitful crop the sickly fields return ;
 But oats and darnel choke the rising corn :
 And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
 Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
 Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the
 plain :

Such funeral rights your Daphnis did ordain.
 With cypress-boughs the crystal fountains hide,
 And softly let the running waters glide.
 A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
 With this inscription to record his praise :—
 ' Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherd's love,
 Renown'd on earth, and deified above ;
 Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
 But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.'

MENALCAS.

O heavenly poet ! such thy verse appears,
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
 As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
 Beneath the silvan shade, refreshing rest ;
 As to the feverish traveller, when first
 He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.

In singing, as in piping, you excel ;
 And scarce your master could perform so well.
 O fortunate young man ! at least your lays
 Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
 Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
 To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine ;
 For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was
 mine. }

MOPSUS.

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd !
 For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
 And Stimicon has often made me long
 To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wondering eyes
 Views, in the milky way, the starry skies,
 And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
 Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
 For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound,
 The purple spring arrays the various ground,
 The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan him-
 self is crown'd. }

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
 Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils ;
 For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
 His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
 The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks, rejoice ;
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
 Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.
 Be still propitious, ever good to thine !
 Behold ! four hallow'd altars we design ;
 And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise ;
 On both is offer'd annual sacrifice.

The holy priests, at each returning year,
 Two bowls of milk, and two of oil, shall bear ;
 And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will
 cheer. }
 Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
 The generous vintage of the Clian vine :
 These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine. }
 In winter shall the genial feast be made
 Before the fire ; by summer in the shade.
 Damœtas shall perform the rites divine ;
 And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.
 Alphesibœus, tripping, shall advance,
 And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
 When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
 And when our fields with victims we survey ;
 While savage boars delight in shady woods,
 And finny fish inhabit in the floods ;
 While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew—
 Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
 Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
 To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
 Such annual honours shall be given ; and thou
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to
 their vow.

MOPSUS.

What present, worth thy verse, can Mopsus find ?
 Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
 That play through trembling trees, delight me more ;
 Nor murmuring billows on the sounding shore ;
 Nor winding streams, that through the valley glide,
 And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe, the same
 That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame ;

The same that sung Neæra's conquering eyes,
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this sheep-hook in exchange ;
The handle brass, the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kisses, often tried
To beg this present, in his beauty's pride,
When youth and love are hard to be denied.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd ; for you deserve it best.

}

PASTORAL VI.

OR,

SILENUS.

ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syron the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chronis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains;
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan
plains.

But when I tried her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,
Apollo check'd my pride, and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,

My pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings ;
 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings :
 For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
 These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
 The name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see
 In every grove, and every vocal tree ;
 And all the silvan reign shall sing of thee :
 Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
 Shall in the front of every page be shown ;
 For he, who sings thy praise, secures his own.
 Proceed, my Muse !—Two Satyrs, on the ground,
 Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
 Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
 They found him snoring in his dark abode,
 And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
 His rosy wreath was dropp'd not long before,
 Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
 His empty can, with ears half worn away,
 Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
 Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
 His garland they unstring, and bind his hands ;
 For, by the fraudulent god deluded long,
 They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
 Ægle came in, to make their party good—
 The fairest Nai's of the neighbouring flood—
 And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
 His brows with berries, and his temples, dyes.
 He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
 On what design the boys had bound his hands.
 ' Loose me, (he cried) 'twas impudence to find
 A sleeping god ; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
 To you the promis'd poem I will pay ;
 The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.'

He rais'd his voice ; and soon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowd'd to the song ;
And silvan Fauns, and savage beasts, advanc'd ;
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
With deeper silence or with more regard. }
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame ;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then, stiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose ;
And a new sun to the new world arose ;
And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky ;
And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace : }
The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
Yet few, and strangers, in the' unpeopled place. }
From thence the birth of man the song pursued,
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd :
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age ;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage ;
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
With whose repeated name the shores resound ;
Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen :—
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast ?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage possess'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy preposterous love,

Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they
fear'd, [heads rear'd.
And felt for budding horns on their smooth fore-
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood,
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud,
Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves,
And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
'Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
And trace his wandering footsteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We search the' ungrateful fugitive abroad,
While they at home sustain his happy load.'
He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd;
The sisters mourning for their brother's loss;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss;
How each a rising alder now appears,
And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears:
Then sung, how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand;
The senate rising to salute their guest;
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd:—
'Receive this present, by the Muses made,
The pipe on which the' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain-ashes to the plain.
Sing thou, on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood:
On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
And with new numbers grace the god of verse.'
Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate?
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate—

A beauteous maid above ; but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts :
What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then ravish'd Philomel the song express'd ;
The crime reveal'd ; the sisters' cruel feast ;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns,
The warbling nightingale in woods complains ;
While Procne makes on chimney-tops her moan,
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung : the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.—
And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain :
Yet still the' unwearied sire pursues the tuneful
 strain. }
Till, unperceiv'd, the heavens with stars were hung,
And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd song.

PASTORAL VII.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon, at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains
 (Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains),
 Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
 To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
 Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
 And Fortune thither led my weary feet.
 For, while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
 The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
 Of Daphnis I inquir'd: he, smiling, said,
 'Dismiss your fear, (and pointed where he fed:)
 And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
 Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
 Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
 At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford.
 Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
 And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
 And see, from yon old oak that mates the skies,
 How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.'

What should I do? nor was Alcippe nigh,
 Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
 To house and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
 And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
 Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains;
 And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
 Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
 These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
 Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
 With all my Codrus, O! inspire my breast;
 For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
 Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
 And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
 The praise of artful numbers I resign,
 And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
 With ivy-wreaths; though surly Codrus frown.
 Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
 Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
 Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
 Should poison or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON.

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
 (The first essay of arms untried before),
 Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
 But, speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine;
 Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
 Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS.

This bowl of milk, these cakes (our country fare), }
 For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare, }
 Because a little garden is thy care. }

But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

CORYDON.

Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet!
Tall as a poplar, taper as the pole!
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come, when my lated sheep at night return,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight,
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a burr, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame! the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep, [keep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains
Defend my flock! The summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

CORYDON.

Our woods, with juniper and chesnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores
around.

But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
E'en running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
 Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield,
 But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
 The grass revives ; the woods are green again,
 And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain. }

CORYDON.

The poplar is by great Alcides worn ;
 The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn ;
 The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves ;
 The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves ;
 With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair ;
 And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
 Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall
 compare. }

THYRSIS.

The towering ash is fairest in the woods ;
 In gardens, pines ; and poplars by the floods :
 But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
 And often visit our forsaken plains,
 To him the towering ash shall yield in woods,
 In gardens, pines ; and poplars by the floods.

MELIBŒUS.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
 When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend ;
 Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains ;
 Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

PASTORAL VIII.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

ARGUMENT.

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibæna. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful muse of two despairing swains,
 The love rejected, and the lovers' pains;
 To which the savage lynxes listening stood;
 The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running
 flood;

The hungry herd their needful food refuse—
 Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares
 The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
 Whether Timavus or the' Illyrian coast,
 Whatever land or sea, thy presence boast;
 Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
 To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
 In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
 Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;

The world another Sophocles in thee,
 Another Homer should behold in me.
 Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine :
 Thine was my earliest muse ; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night with-
 drew,

Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
 When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
 Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
 ' Star of the morning, why dost thou delay ?

Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
 While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore—
 Witness, ye powers, by whom she falsely swore !

The gods, alas ! are witnesses in vain ;
 Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain. }
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian }
 strain.

' The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
 Are ever full of verse, and full of love :
 They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain, }
 Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain. }
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian }
 strain.

' Mopsus triumphs ; he weds the willing fair.
 When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair ?
 Now griffons join with mares ; another age
 Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,
 Promiscuous at the spring. Prepare the lights,
 O Mopsus ! and perform the bridal rites.
 Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys :
 Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
 For thee the sun declines : O happy swain !
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Haste, Amaryllis, haste !—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away :
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn :
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn ;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
‘ This I for Daphnis burn ; thus Daphnis burn away !
This laurel is his fate.’—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wandering love ;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools,
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls,
Careless of night, unmindful to return ;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn,
While I so scorn his love ;—Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ These garments once were his, and left to me,
The pledges of his promis’d loyalty,
Which underneath my threshold I bestow.
These pawns, O sacred earth ! to me my Daphnis owe.
As these were his, so mine is he.—My charms,
Restore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.

‘ These poisonous plants, for magic use design’d
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind),
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull’d the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear’d with these powerful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train ;
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,

And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne :
Such is the strength of spells.—Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ Bear out these ashes ; cast them in the brook ;
Cast backwards o’er your head ; nor turn your look :
Since neither gods nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother’d fires, and kindle smother’d
love.

Exert your utmost power, my lingering charms ;
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

‘ See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play !
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis—hark !
Our Hylax opens, and begins to hark.
Good heaven ! may lovers what they wish believe ?
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive ?
No more ! my Daphnis comes ! no more, my charms !
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms.’

PASTORAL IX.

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MÆRIS.

ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced are, the bailiff of Virgil, Mæris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mæris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MÆRIS.

O Lycidas! at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
When the grim captain in a surly tone
Cries out, 'Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone.'
Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we could: }
And these two kids, to' appease his angry mood, }
I bear,—of which the Furies give him good!

LYCIDAS.

Your country friends were told another tale—
That, from the sloping mountain to the vale,

And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MÆRIS.

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And, had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mæris not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal son of Mars to' insult the sacred Muse?
Who then should sing the nymphs? or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse?
Or Amaryllis praise that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way—
' O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, ev'ning waters, led;
And 'ware the Libyan ridgil's butting head.'

MÆRIS.

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read—
' Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime),
The wings of swans, and stronger-pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above—
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.'

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on: for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.

Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a member of the tuneful trade :
 At least the shepherds seem to like my lays :
 But I discern their flattery from their praise :
 I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus', dare aspire,
 But gabble, like a goose, amidst the swan-like choir.

MÆRIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind :
 Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind.
 'Come, Galatea ! come ! the seas forsake !
 What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse
 murmurs make ?

See, on the shore inhabits purple spring ;
 Where nightingales their lovesick ditty sing :
 See, meads with purling streams, with flowers
 the ground, }
 The grottos cool, with shady poplars crown'd, }
 And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around. }
 Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar ;
 Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.'

LYCIDAS.

Or that sweet song I heard with such delight ;
 The same you sung alone one starry night.
 The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MÆRIS.

'Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records,
 To know the seasons when the stars arise ?
 See, Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies,—
 The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
 And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
 Under this influence graft the tender shoot :
 Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit.'
 The rest I have forgot ; for cares and time
 Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme.

I could have once sung down a summer's sun :
But now the chime of poetry is done :
My voice grows hoarse ; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more :
And now the waves roll silent to the shore ;
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend :
Already we have half our way o'ercome ;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.
Here where the labourer's hands have form'd a bower
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs ; thy kids lay down :
We've day before us yet, to reach the town ;
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And, that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MÆRIS.

Cease to request me ; let us mind our way :
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

PASTORAL X.

OR,

GALLUS.

ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of pastorals), where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him; pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
 To crown my labour ('tis the last I sing),
 Which proud Lycoris may with pity view ;—
 The Muse is mournful, though the numbers few, }
 Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due. }
 So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
 Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
 Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows ;
 Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browze.
 The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
 And Echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
 What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid, }
 Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd, }
 To love, unpitied by the cruel-maid ?
 Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,
 Nor cleft Parnassus, nor the' Aonian source :

Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend
 Your aid to Gallus :—Gallus is their friend.
 For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
 And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
 Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
 When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone ;
 And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping
 stone. }

The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies :
 Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise ;
 Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed ;
 And yet the queen of beauty bless'd his bed.
 The swains and tardy neatherds came, and last
 Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
 Wondering, they ask'd from whence arose thy flame.
 Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
 Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes ;
 ' Is she thy care ? is she thy care ? (he cries),
 Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,
 And, for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,
 ' The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.' }
 Silvanus came : his brows a country crown
 Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.
 Great Pan arriv'd ; and we beheld him too,
 His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.
 ' Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief ? (he cried)
 Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfied ?
 ' The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,
 The bees with flowery shrubs, the goats with browse,
 Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd :
 He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd :
 ' 'Tis past ; and pity gives me no relief :
 But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief,
 And on your hills my last complaints renew :
 So sad a song is only worthy you.

How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
 If you my sufferings in your songs express'd !
 Ah ! that your birth and business had been mine—
 To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine !
 Had Phillis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
 Or any nymph or shepherd on the plain,
 (Though Phillis brown, though black Amyntas were,
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair ?)
 Beneath the salallows and the shady vine,
 My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine ;
 Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
 And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
 Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound ;
 The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
 Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
 Now I to righting fields am sent afar,
 And strive in winter camps with toils of war ;
 While you (alas, that I should find it so !)
 To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
 And climb the frozen Alps, and tread the' eter-
 nal snow.

Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare !
 Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
 For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice ;
 The Muses, once my care ; my once harmonious voice.
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone :
 The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
 The rind of every plant her name shall know :
 And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
 Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
 (Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race ;
 Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
 To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.

And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the
Parthian bow ;

As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease.
My frenzy changes : I delight no more
On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar :
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue :
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding
woods, adieu !

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego,
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow ;
Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroë's burning plains the Libyan sheep,
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heaven above,
Love conquers all ; and we must yield to Love.
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end :
The verse was what I ow'd my suffering friend.

This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine ;
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine—
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew,
Each hour, and every moment rise in view ;
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.

Now let us rise : for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
From juniper unwholesome dews distil, [kill.
That blast the sooty corn, the withering herbage }
Away, my goats, away ! for you have brows'd }
your fill.

THE GEORGICS.

DEDICATION

OF THE

GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD ¹, &c.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my address to your lordship, better than in the words of Virgil,

—*Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet,volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promised Italy. But I considered, that nothing which my meanness could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy

¹ Born in 1634, and died in 1713. He was accessary in forwarding the Restoration, and had held several courtly employments; but resigned them in 1685, and lived the remainder of his days in respectable retirement.

occasion offered, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and, if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes; and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world, for want of that protection, of which he had been so long ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before king Charles the Second, though he much desired it: at length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majesty, that, under her protection, he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence, I present myself before your lordship: and, attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have *traduced* him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem; beginning it about the age of thirty-five, and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty.

It is observed, both of him and Horace (and I believe it will hold in all great poets), that, though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his first and second book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the third; after which, his judgment was an overpoise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough; for he descended in his fourth by slow degrees, and, in his Satires and Epistles, was more a philosopher and a critic, than a poet. In the beginning of summer, the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line than of a spiral; the same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore, the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases. His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet, if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this somewhere, by a bold metaphor, ‘a green old age;’ but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure—

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.

Among those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your lordship is a rare example; who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay of your excellent judgment and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive; and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said, but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested: a clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject; for you leave us in an eagerness of learning more; pleased with what we hear, but not satisfied; because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for, though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess, the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that, having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply; that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written than at first they could; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there beforehand, and he only saved himself the expense of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than

ordinary vigour in your youth; for too much of heat is required at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains; and yours, my lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first; but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends, who stand about you, are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth: but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy—discretion in leading-strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his third Georgic, when he describes a colt who promises a courser for the race or for the field of battle, shows him the first, to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness—a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage, which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue; so truly such that, if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity: but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The

world knows this, without my telling: yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improved them both with a softness of manners and a sweetness of conversation—few of our nobility can fill that character. One there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

Digito monstrari, et dicier. ‘Hic est!’

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shows the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But, to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes (for who would always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men,

who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them ; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others lissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But, while they were in action, I have constantly observed that they seemed desirous to retreat from business : greatness, they said, was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome : a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them, I believe, said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease. They saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy : they would have more, and laid in, to make their solitude luxurious :—a wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden. They loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession : they would first be old, and make as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they preferred continuance in power ; like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honours in his youth, and endured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country when it was in need of his courage and conduct, till he thought it was time to serve himself : but dismounted from the saddle, when he found the beast which bore him began to grow

restiff and ungovernable. But your lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths ; and therefore, though you were formed alike for the greatest of civil employments and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either, but contented yourself with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel when you were called. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honours of the court—a place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well-deservers. It is necessary, for the polishing of manners, to have breathed that air ; but it is infectious even to the best morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the first of being cheated, and he recovers not his losses, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining smile becomes at length habitual ; and the drift of his plausible conversation is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on without venturing to play ; that a man may know false dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forsakes it, because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who, out of melancholy zeal, leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his re-

pentance. He only is like to endure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures : for almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life ; and the danger is the less when we are young ; for, having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards.

Your lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen it till you had maturely weighed the advantages of rising higher, with the hazards of the fall.

Res, non parta labore, sed relictæ,

was thought by a poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it into the power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her ? Let him venture, says Horace, *qui zonam perdidit*. He who has nothing, plays securely ; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to Fortune, which she can seldom answer. If he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own ; and, if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund. In short, however he succeeds, it is covetousness that induced him first to play ; and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at the bottom. The odds are against him, that he loses ; and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the present war of the Christians against the Turk : every year they gain a victory, and by that a town ; but, if they

are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is land-locked on every side, and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing; and such it is to men of honour and integrity, who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Corycian whom my author describes in his fourth Georgic, whose fruits and salads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth and his own plantation.

Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agricolas !*

It is but half-possession not to understand that happiness which we possess. A foundation of good sense, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestowed on your lordship the first of these; and you have bestowed on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the Devil have been

happy there with all his knowledge; for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition, into Paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, 'tis hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and, in that solitude, is prepared for them

Et securo quies, et nescia fallere vita.

As I began this dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another.

The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

Your lordship's most devoted
And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN
ESSAY ON THE GEORGICS,
*BY MR. ADDISON*¹.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics ; but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect ; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But, in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

¹ And sent to Dryden for his use ; but without permission to prefix the writer's name.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and *Æneïds*: but the *Georgics* are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a georgic, as that of a shepherd is in a pastoral. But, though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character; since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the *Georgics*, which fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras, or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius, or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the *Georgic* goes upon, is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this

kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. *A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry.* Now, since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that, to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And, if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as, in a curious brede of needlework, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleas-

ing and agreeable manner : for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man ; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance, out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

*Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
 Vertere in alterius, mutataque insita mala
 Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
 —Steriles platani malos gessere valentes :
 Castaneæ fagus, ornusque incanuit alho
 Flore pyri: glandemque sues fregeret sub ulmis.
 ————— Nec longum tempus ; et ingens
 Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos ;
 Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*

Here, we see, the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and, without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But, since the inculcating precept upon precept will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment,—the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business, but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought), unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we

are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like; which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines—

*Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

*Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis;
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.*

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing

he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing, which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity. Much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic; which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sidere* in his first verse, and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics, where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which

may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod—If we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal: he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method, in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them; but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus, when he speaks of January,—‘The wild beasts,’ says he, ‘run shivering through the woods, with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flead with cold: but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather: but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side.’ Thus does the old

gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shown more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us; which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But, after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic; where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work: but, if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that, if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and, in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur: he breaks the clods, and tosses the dung about, with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images, which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a

greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description; for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it—

——— *O ! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ !—*

and is every where mentioning, among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all: there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague: and, if the

reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as, in his Æneïs, he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneïs, and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin². The speech of Proteus, at the end, can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But, though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem

² In his "*Hortorum libri quatuor*;" an English version of which was published in 1673 and 1706.

which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod—*Nudus ara, sere nudus*—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is, what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius (which the reader may see already done² in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems), but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The *Æneïs* indeed is of a nobler kind; but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneïs* has a greater variety of beauties in it; but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

² By Dryden.

GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each Georgic : and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity ; and after strikes into his business. He shows the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them ; instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death ; and shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn ;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine ;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine ;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye deities ! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,

Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water, wine—
Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye Nymphs, that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour; for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cean shore sustains
The milky herds that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the shepherd's tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode;
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress }
 rear ;
Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear }
The rural honours, and increase the year ;
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain ;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain ;
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the business of the gods' debate,
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide—
Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray ; }
E'en utmost Thule shall thy power obey ; }
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea. }

The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And, seated near the Balance, poise the days,
Where, in the void of heaven, a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain
(For let not hell presume of such a reign ;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind to leave thy kindred gods above :
Though Greece admires Elysium's bless'd retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above),
Be thou propitious, Cæsar ! guide my course,
And to my bold endeavours add thy force :
Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares ;
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our
prayers.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds ;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run ;
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer.
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is buried in the soil.
That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
Which twice the sun and twice the cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded barns with more than
promis'd gains.

But, ere we stir the yet-unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found ;
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the several kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres, suits:
That other loads the trees with happy fruits :
A fourth, with grass unbidden decks the ground.
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd :
India black ebony and white ivory bears ;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver-stones from far ;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war ;
Epirus, for the' Elean chariot, breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is the' original contract ; these the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
On sundry places, when Dencalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world ;
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born. }
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn ; }
And early, with thy team, the glebe in furrows turn ; }
That while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the soil be barren, only scar
The surface, and but lightly print the share,
When cold Arcturus rises with the sun ;
Lest wicked weeds the corn should overrun .
In watery soils ; or lest the barren sand
Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
And keeps a sabbath of alternate years,
That the spent earth may gather heart again,
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.

At least where vetches, pulse, and tares, have stood,
And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood),
'The' ensuing season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year :
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
Make easy labour, and renew the soil.
Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best ;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground,
When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth ;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire !
Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes ;
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New knits the surface, and new strings the veins ;
Lest soaking showers should pierce her secret
 seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small the peasant makes,
Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods : nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye ;
Nor his, who ploughs across the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds ;

¹ Dr. Cary reads *car*, in his revised edition.

For he, with frequent exercise, commands
The' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.

Ye swains, invoke the powers who rule the sky,
For a moist summer, and a winter dry ;
For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the buried grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed :
So fenc'd from cold the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake ;
And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then, when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivel'd herbs on withering stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery stores—huge torrents flow,
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Tempering the thirsty fever of the field—
And, lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes, to' invade
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade,
Ere yet the' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain ;
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field :
But most in autumn, and the showery spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring ;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain ;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places spew their watery store.

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year :
But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops invade the tender grain ;
And towering weeds malignant shadows yield ;
And spreading succory chokes the rising field.
The sire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease,
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil :
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care ;
Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain,
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.
Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found :
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds :
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful flood ;
Commission'd hungry wolves to' infest the fold,
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold ;
Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire :
That studious need might useful arts explore ;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store,
And force the veins of clashing flints to' expire
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam ;
Then sailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering star—
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.

Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds, were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround ;
And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made,
(For wedges first did yielding wood invade):
And various arts in order did succeed,
(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need ?)

First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough ;
When now Dodonian oaks no more supplied
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruits denied.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain :
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born :
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, the' unhappy field subdue ;
And oats unblest'd, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears ;
So that, unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and, with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field—
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain—
On other's crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field :
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise—
The crook'd plough, the share, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight,

The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail—
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms, with early force, in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare :
On either side the head, produce an ear ;
And sink a socket for the shining share. }
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke,
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I could be long in precepts; but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thrashing floor :
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of the' unequal ground ;
Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise :
For sundry foes the rural realm surround :
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground
For gather'd grain : the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole :
In hollow caverns vermin make abode—
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad :
The corn-devouring weasel here abides,
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.

Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood :
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the silvan reign ;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But, if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be :
In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor :
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.

Some steep their seed, and some in cauldrons boil,
With vigorous nitre and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires, the' exuberant juice to drain,
And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd,
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream :
But, if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus, rise,
Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding
But, when Astræa's balance, hung on high, [sea.
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain,
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet rising from your annual toil,
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year,
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern
sphere.

But, if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend,
Before you trust in earth your future hope ;
Or else expect a listless lazy crop.

Some swains have sown before : but most have found
A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean?
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends ;
Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends.
For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
The year, and earth in several climes divides.
Five girdles bind the skies : the torrid zone
Glow with the passing and repassing sun :
Far on the right and left, the' extremes of heaven
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given :
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind,
And, 'cross their limits, cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe ; one seen to rise
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies ;
The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And, like a winding stream, the Bears divides—
The less and greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the northern sea.
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on the' unhappy ground :
Or, when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and rises there ;
And when on us she breathes the living light,
Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know ;
And when to reap the grain, and when to sow ;
Or when to fell the furzes ; when 'tis meet
To spread the flying canvass for the fleet.

Observe what stars arise or disappear ;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But, when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care,
Which else is huddled, when the skies are fair :
Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining }
share,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store,
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The sallow twigs to tie the straggling vine ;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the labouring swain.
E'en holy-days and feasts permission yield
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil ;
Returning, late and loaden, home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.

The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour choose : the fifth be sure to shun ;
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they strove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove ;
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The seventh is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.

Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the web,
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done,
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolness of the night ;
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire :
He sharpens torches in the glimmering room ;
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom,
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims,
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims :
And, till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings, to drive the tedious hours away.

But, in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By daylight reap the product of the year ;
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land ;
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And, what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your father's homely food ;
To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil ;
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare ;
To inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare ;

With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow,
To persecute from far the flying doe;
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days,
And suns declining shine with feeble rays :
What cares must then attend the toiling swain ;
Or when the louring spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd
With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
E'en when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year,
E'en while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands,
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies :
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne :
With such a force the flying rack is driven,
And such a winter wears the face of heaven :
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main :
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd ; and, with a roaring sound,
The rising rivers float the nether ground ;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas
rebound.

The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds ;
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.

Earth feels the motions of her angry god ;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod ;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode :
Deep horror seizes every human breast ;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows :
The rocks are from their old foundations rent ;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment :
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore ;
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins.
But first to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flowers,
On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty Mother's day :
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground :
With milder beams the sun securely ² shines :
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
Let every swain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine :
Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long procession, shouting as they go ;
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call ; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind :

² Dr. Carey reads *serenely*.

On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.

And that by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The sovereign of the heavens has set on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the sky ;
When southern blasts should cease, and when the
swain

Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore :
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods ;
And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods.
E'en then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main ;
When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
And, stretching to the covert, wing their way ;
When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand ;
When watchful herons leave their watery stand,
And, mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light ;
And chaff with eddy-winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground ;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But, when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd : a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain ;
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }

Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise ;
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies.
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales :
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind :
The swallow skims the river's watery face :
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race :
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks :
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood :
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food, }
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
That swim the seas or haunt the standing pools,
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow with clamorous cries the shower demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storm impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputtering light advance,

And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.

Then, after showers, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky :
The stars shine smarter ; and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore :
Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean ;
But a blue drouthy mist descends upon the plain ;

And owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
A star-light evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
While, dar'd, below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey :
Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
This punishment pursues the unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid :
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun ; and, seiz'd with secret joy,
When storms are overblown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heavenly souls
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls.
But, with the changeful temper of the skies,
As rains condense, and sunshine rarefies,
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds' harmonious voice ;
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs
Observe the daily circle of the sun, [rejoice.
And the short year of each revolving moon :
By them thou shalt foresee the following day ;
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds
Her silver crescent tipp'd with sable clouds,
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or, if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.

But, four nights old (for that's the surest sign),
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine,
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea ;
And sailors in the port their promis'd vow shall pay.
Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the skies :
For, if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face,
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams ;
Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies ;
How shall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend,
When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the setting sun survey,
When down the steep of heaven he drives the day ;
For oft we find him finishing his race,
With various colours erring on his face.
If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends :
But, if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue :
If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And, streak'd with red, a troubled colour show :
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
What desperate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the shore ?

But, if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven resigns to quiet night,
No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh ;
But northern breezes through the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky. }

The' unerring sun by certain signs declares
What the late even or early morn prepares,
And when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky ; [away.
And who dares give the source of light the lie ?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pitied Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell ;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light ;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone :
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd ;
And birds obscene, and howling dogs, divin'd.
What rocks did Etna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails ! and what floods of fire !
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms, and armies rushing to the war !
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook the' eternal snow :
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen ;
And voices heard of more than mortal men,
In silent groves : dumb sheep and oxen spoke ;
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook :
The yawning earth disclos'd the' abyss of hell :
The weeping statues did the wars foretell ;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell. }

Then, rising in his might, the king of floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And, rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and labouring hinds away,
Blood sprang from wells; wolves howl'd in towns
by night;

And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flash'd from such a sullen sky.
Red meteors ran across the' æthereal space :
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, the' Emathian plains once more were)

With Roman bodies, and just heaven thought
To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake—
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty reliques of gigantic bones.

Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth !
Thou father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddess unmov'd ! whose guardian arms extend
O'er Tuscan Tyber's course, and Roman towers
defend ;

With youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O! let the blood already spilt atone
For the past crimes of curs'd Laomedon!
Heav'n wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below,
Where fraud and rapine right and wrong confound,
Where impious arms from every part resound,
And monstrous crimes in every shape are crown'd.

The peaceful peasant to the wars is press'd ;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest ;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords ;
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords :
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms ;
The neighbouring cities range on several sides ;
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers, starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace ;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries, they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following book is planting : in handling of which argument, the poet shows all the different methods of raising trees, describes their variety, and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best, and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy : after which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil, prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly signs :
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous vines,
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.

Great father Bacchus ! to my song repair ;
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care :
For thee, large bunches load the bending vine ;
And the last blessings of the year are thine.
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.

Come, strip with me, my god ! come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe ;
For some, without the pains of planting, grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground.
From the same principles grey willows come,
Herculean poplar and the tender broom.
But some, from seeds inclos'd in earth, arise ;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.

Some from the root a rising wood disclose :
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows :
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.

These ways of planting Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the silvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found :
Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground ;
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mould ;
Some, cloven-stakes ; and (wondrous to behold !)
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place ;
And the dry poles produce a living race.
Some bow their vines, which buried in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require ; the labourer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
E'en stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis usual now an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree :
Thus pears and quinces from the crabtree come ;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear ;
Explore the nature of each several tree,
And, known, improve with artful industry :
And let no spot of idle earth be found ;
But cultivate the genius of the ground :
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please ;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive-trees.

The virtues of the several soils I sing.—
Mæcenas, now thy needful succour bring !
O thou ! the better part of my renown,
Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crowu :
Embark with me, while I new tracts explore,
With flying sails and breezes from the shore :
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace—
Not though I were supplied with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues :
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair,
Because the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet these, receiving grafts of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots,
In open fields transplanted bear their fruits.
For, where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,

Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree,
At leisure grows, for late posterity ;
The generous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the bird's ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest,
Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the same method Paphian myrtles live: }
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazels, and from cions rise ;
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies ;
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep,
The thin-leav'd arbuté hazel-graffs receives ;
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, to inoculate.
For, where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows :
Just in that space a narrow slit we make ;
Then other buds from bearing trees we take ;
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb the' admitted infant grows.
But, when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree,

And in the solid wood the slip inclose ;
The battening bastard shoots again and grows ;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds:
And the same species are of several minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd ;
So funeral cypress, rising like a shroud.
Fat olive-trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears :
Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour, of the Lesbian grape.
The Thasian vines in richer soils abound ;
The Mareotic grow in barren ground.
The Psythian grape we dry : Lagean juice
Will stammering tongues and staggering feet
produce.

Rath ripe are some, and some of later kind,
Of golden some, and some of purple rind.
How shall I praise the Rhætian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine ?
The' Aminean many a consulship survives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus, king of Chian growth :
But, for large quantities and lasting, both,
The less Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,

In second services is pour'd to Jove ;
And best accepted by the gods above.
Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose every race, and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme ;
Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands,
Driven by the western wind on Lybian lands,
Or, number, when the blustering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores.

Nor every plant on every soil will grow :
The sallow loves the watery ground, and low ;
The marshes, alders : Nature seems to ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign ;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.

Regard the' extremest cultivated coast,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost :
All sorts of trees their several countries know ;
Black ebon only will in India grow,
And odorous frankincense on the Sabæan bough. }
Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good,
With Æthiops' hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell : and how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine :
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bow, and, by the brawn
Of expert archers, with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce
(Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice),

A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught,
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envied orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And, did it not a different scent disclose,
A laurel were : the fragrant flowers contemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this, the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.

But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields,
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf; no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train :
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees :
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees :
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed ;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd ;

Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour and stupendous frame :
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow ;
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide ;
Our spacious lakes ; thee, *Larius*, first ; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex'd.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the *Lucrine lake* ?
Or the disdainful sea, that shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence,
There, where secure the *Julian waters* glide,
Or where *Avernus*' jaws admit the *Tyrrhene tide* ?
Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
The' inhabitants themselves their country grace :
Hence rose the *Marsian* and *Sabellian* race,
Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind,
And *Volscians* arm'd with iron-headed darts.
Besides—an offspring of undaunted hearts—
The *Decii*, *Marii*, great *Camillus* came
From hence, and greater *Scipio's* double name,
And mighty *Cæsar*, whose victorious arms
To farthest *Asia* carry fierce alarms,
Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome*,
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.

Hail, sweet *Saturnian soil* ! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men !
For thee, my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days,

Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.

The nature of the several soils now see,
Their strength, their colour, their fertility :
And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,-
Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound,
Where the poor soil all succour seems to want—
Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.

Undoubted signs of such a soil are found ;
For here wild olive-shoots o'erspread the ground, }
And heaps of berries strew the fields around. }
But, where the soil, with fattening moisture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd,
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
And feed with ooze ; where rising hillocks run
In length, and open to the southern sun ;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough—
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow.
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice,
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.

If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns, and furthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost,
Where silver swans sail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
There crystal streams perpetual tenor keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep :

For, what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below ;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this ; no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord :
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy-laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood, }
Which had for length of ages idle stood.
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And, flying from their nests, their callow young forget.
The coarse lean gravel, on the mountain-sides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides ;
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtile dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews,
Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
Well clothed with cheerful grass, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband-elms in amorous twines ;
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields ; [yields ;
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius
And such a country could Acerræ boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd the unhappy coast.
I teach thee next the differing soils to know,
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.

Choose first a place for such a purpose fit :
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit ;
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in :
Then, if it rise not to the former height
Of superface, conclude that soil is light,
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But, if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines
Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire,
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
Tough teams of oxen and laborious tasks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degenerate there : and fruits, declin'd
From their first flavoured taste, renounce their kind.
This truth by sure experiment is tried ;
For first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants twine,
When through strait passages they strain their wine) :
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first :
Then run it through : the drops will rope around,
And, by the bitter taste, disclose the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind ;
Poor soil will crumble into dust ; the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch :
Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the rank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd ;
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd.

'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight
The colour of the soil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know ;
Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will show— }
Black ivy, pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.
These rules consider'd well, with early care
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare :
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound.
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake ;
For putrid earth will best the vineyards take ;
And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.

Some peasants, not to omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
With that of their plantation ; lest the tree,
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heaven's four quarters on the tender bark,
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide :
So strong is custom ; such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain.
If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice,
Plant thick ; for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there : but if the vine
On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side,
But marshal'd all in order as they stand ;
And let no soldier straggle from his band.

The hurtful hazel in thy vineyard shun ;
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun ;
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree,
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands ;
For sparkling fire, from hinds' unwary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds ;
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives ;
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves :
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires ;
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then the' unhappy vineyard lies ;
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise ;
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again ;
But the wild olive shoots, and shades the' ungrateful
plain.

Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But, when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear,
That season deem the best to plant thy vines :
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines,
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves ;
The womb of earth the genial seed receives :
For then almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers ;

And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with kindly juice, and fosters teeming
seeds.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of buried corn disclose ; }
And, while the balmy western spirit blows, }
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound ;
The grass securely springs above the ground ;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies,
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail :
Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail,
They spread their gems, the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust their buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing) }
'The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king— }
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear ;
Nor other was the tenor of the year,
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintry breath suspend :
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields :
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds ;
And golden stars flew up to light the skies ;
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender new creation bear
The' excessive heats or coldness of the year,
But, chill'd by winter or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd,
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.

For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure ;
And shells and gravel in the ground inclose ;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows,
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
And press the plants with shards of potter's clay.
This fence against immoderate rain they found,
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.

Be mindful, when thou hast intomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root ;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs, to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds, and wands, and upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurselings spare ;
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life :
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
But, when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandman, be bold

To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their ranks : let crooked steel invade
 The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
 Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
 Exclude the incroaching cattle from thy ground,
 While yet the tender gems but just appear,
 Unable to sustain the uncertain year ;
 Whose leaves ~~are~~ not alone foul winter's prey,
 But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away,
 And, worse than both, become the' unworthy
 browze
 Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows. }
 For not Deceniber's frost that burns the boughs, }
 Nor dog-days' parching heat that splits the rocks, }
 Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks, [stocks. }
 Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the
 For this, the malefactor goat was laid
 On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At Athens thus old comedy began,
 When round the streets the reeling actors ran,
 In country villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the prizes of their plays ;
 And glad with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
 Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
 Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
 In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy ;
 With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience please,
 Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees ;
 In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
 Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
 And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine.
 A madness so devout the vineyard fills :
 In hollow valleys, and on rising hills,

On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought ;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazel broach.
To dress thy vines, new labour is requir'd ;
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd ;
For thrice at least, in compass of the year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
To turn the glebe, besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain,
To unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the grudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends.
Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes :
His pruning knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be first to dig the ground : be first to burn
The branches lopt ; and first the props return
Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines ;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ersha'de
The' encumber'd vine ; rough brambles twice invade :
Hard labour both !—Commend the large excess
Of spacious vineyards ; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,

Remain to cut—for vineyards, useful found
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground. }
Nay¹ when thy tender trees at length are bound ; }
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free, }
When husbands have survey'd the last degree, }
And utmost files of plants, and order'd every tree ; }
Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent ;
Yet still they find a future task remain ;
To turn the soil, and break the clods again :
And, after all, their joys are unsincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite opposite to these are olives found :
No dressing they require, and dread no wound,
Nor rakes nor harrows need ; but, fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies :
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise,
Content with small endeavours, till they spring. }
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring : }
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing. }

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air,
Want no supply, but stand secure alone, }
Not trusting foreign forces, but their own, }
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches }
groan. }

Thus trees of nature, and each common bush,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush.
Wild shrubs are shorn for browse : the towering
height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.

¹ Dr. Carey reads *nor*.

And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants—the lowly kind
Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd,
Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce ;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees,
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
How goodly looks *Cyturus*, ever green
With boxen groves ! with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heavenly *Muses* made !
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
Ev'n cold *Caucasean* rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Though shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their
arms,

Yet heaven their various plants for use designs—
For houses, cedars—and, for shipping, pines—
Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of wains,
And all for keels of ships, that scour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves ;
The war, from stubborn *myrtle*, shafts receives—
From cornels, javelins : and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade ;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with
ease invade.

Light alder stems the *Po's* impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with these gifts, the fummy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs' train :
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine
were slain.

O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land !
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
To admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten, from high pedestals ;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests, which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold :
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride :
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil ;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless ;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grotts, and living lakes, the flowery pride .
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound ;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train ;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.

From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd—
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear—
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know,
The depths of heaven above, and earth below:
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed the' eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

But, if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature, and unclouded fields of light—

}

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life—

A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempè lay me down,
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.

Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause—
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate!
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of Silvans, and adores the rural powers—

Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see,
Their glittering baits, and purple slavery —
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.

Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and descents, and distant war :
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford,
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw ;
The senate's mad decrees he never saw ;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas, and some to camps, resort,
And some with impudence invade the court :
In foreign countries, others seek renown ;
With wars and taxes, others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase,
To loll on couches, rich with citron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire,
While, from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
The' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some, through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold,
And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The peasant innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills :
And hence the country markets are supplied :
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield—
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
Thus every several season is employ'd, [abroad,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yeanning ewes prevent the springing year :
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear :
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields,
The winter comes ; and then the falling maut
For greedy swine provides a full repast :
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss ;
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night :
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight,
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard :
Himself in rustic pomp, on holy-days,
To rural powers a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst : the herdsmen, round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets
crown'd.

He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize :
The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes,
Or, stripp'd for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches, with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led :
So Remus and his brother god were bred,
From whom the' austere Etrurian virtue rose ;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth)
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forg'd the' inhuman sword,
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death,
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.
But, over-labour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Seythian winter. In the latter part of the book, he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd! the Lycæan woods,
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleasing floods.
All other themes, that careless minds invite,
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eurystheus, every reader sees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
And Pelops' ivory shoulder, and his toil

For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
Of Grecian tales, by poets are express'd.
New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home,
With foreign spoils adorn my native place,
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays,
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the dome command.
Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown
(Submitting to his godhead my renown),
A hundred coursers from the goal will drive :
The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see ;
The whorlbat, and the rapid race, shall be
Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me. }
Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear. }
E'en now methinks the public shouts I hear ; }
'The passing pageants and the poms appear. }
I to the temple will conduct the crew,
The sacrifice and sacrificers view.
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres disclose the scene,
Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
And show the triumph which their shame displays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold :
The Nile shall flow beneath ; and, on the side,
His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.

Next him Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping ¹ sedge, shall his Armenia mourn ;
And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthians shall be there,
And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows—
Two different trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame shall join ;
But neither shore his conquests shall confine.
The Parian marble there shall seem to move
In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove,
Resembling heroes, whose ætherial root
Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ ;
And he—the god who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herself at last, grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæsar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands, and fear the curling snakes
Of lashing Furies, and the burning lakes ;
The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel,
And Sisyphus, that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain ; and curst Ixion's wheel. }
 Meantime, we must pursue the silvan lands
(The' abode of nymphs), untouch'd by former }
 hands : }
For such Mæcenæ are thy hard commands.
Without thee, nothing lofty can I sing.
Come then, and with thyself, thy genius bring,
With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay : }
Cithæron loudly calls me to my way ; }
Thy hounds, Tæg'tus, open, and pursue their }
 prey. }

¹ Dr. Carey reads *drooping*.

High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses' breed :
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound ;
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse,
In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall choose,
And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
Than have from Tithon pass'd to Cæsar's days.

The generous youth, who, studious of the prize,
The race of running coursers multiplies,
Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each
proceeds.

The mother-cow must wear a louring look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the yoke.
Her double dewlap from her chin descends,
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long are her sides, and large ; her limbs are great ;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white ;
She tosses from the yoke ; provokes the fight :
She rises in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's resemblance bears :
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd ;
And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
The bull's insult at four she may sustain ;
But, after ten from nuptial rites refrain.
Six seasons use ; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.

Now, while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty sire :
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail ;
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail. }

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live ;
But, ah ! the mighty bliss is fugitive :
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour, come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.

Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair,
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care :
Still propagate ; for still they fall away :
'Tis prudence to prevent the' entire decay.

Like diligence requires the courser's race,
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his generous kind :
Of able body, sound of limb and wind,
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight ;
His motions easy ; prancing in his gait ;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trem-
bling wood :

Dauntless at empty noises ; lofty neck'd :
Sharp-headed, barrel-bellied, broadly back'd ;
Brawny his chest, and deep ; his colour grey ;
For beauty, dappled ; or the brightest bay :
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay. }

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears ; and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round ;
His chine is double ; starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground :
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow ;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe. }

Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Prond Cyllarus, by Spartan Polliux tam'd :
Such coursers Lore to fight the god of Thrace ;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane,
When, half-surpris'd, and fearing to be seen,
The lecher gallop'd from his jealous queen,
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.

But, worn with years, when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home,
In peace to enjoy his former palms and pains ;
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For, when his blood no youthful spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his love ;
And, when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrands the womb.
In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires,
And in himself his former self requires.

His age and courage weigh ; nor those alone ;
But note his father's virtues and his own :
Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize,
Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race ; and panting scarcely bear
The extremes of feverish hope and chilling fear ;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force ?
The flying chariot kindles in the course :
And now aloof, and now aloft, they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay : but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the followers' eyes.

The hindmost blows the foam upon the first :
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.

Bold Erichonius was the first who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate :
The Lapithæ, to chariots, add the state
Of bits and bridles : taught the steed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round !
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know ;
To obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To choose a youthful steed with courage fir'd,
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters ; and, in sundry ways,
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But, once again, the batter'd horse beware :
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care,
Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself,
proceed.

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the stately steed to climb,
With food enable him to make his court ;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport :
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind :
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race,
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd :
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
Take down their mettle ; keep them lean and bare ;
When conscious of their past delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the sport again,
With scanty measure then supply their food ;
And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood ;
Their bodies harass ; sink them when they run ;
And fry their melting marrow in the sun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan,
And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown ;
For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
Should scant the passage, and confine the room ;
Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy
Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done : thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood ;
But range the forest, by the silver side
Of some cool stream where Nature shall provide
Green grass and fattening clover for their fare, }
And mossy caverns for their noontide lair, }
With rocks above, to shield the sharp nocturnal air. }

About the Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen :
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Æstros the Grecians call—Asylus, we—
A fierce loud-buzzing breeze—their stings draw
blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.

Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry :
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
And first employ'd for Iö's punishment:
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains,
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns),
To feed the females ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside,
And for the tender progeny provide.
Distinguish all betimes with branding fire,
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire ;
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd ;
Or who shall be to sacrifice prefer'd ;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow,
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough :
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
Set him betimes to school : and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry,
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break ;
For his soft neck, a supple collar make
Of bending osiers ; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear).
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue :
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two.
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel :
In length of time produce the labouring yoke,
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.

Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd,
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous hand :
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow ;
But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend,
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courser first,
Must be with sight of arms and sounds of trumpets
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to hear ; [nurs'd ;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Soothe him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand :
This, from his weaning, let him well be taught ;
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought,
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
Untried in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But, when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat,
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him to this, with easy pains, be brought,
And seem to labour when he labours not.
Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the wind,
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind :
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains ;

Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north :
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast ;
The forest shakes ; the groves their honours cast ;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus, o'er the Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course,
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high ;
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low ;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow :
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.

Would'st thou their courage and their strength
improve?

Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood,
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast :
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest,
Forsakes his food, and pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass :
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred :
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,

Engage their clashing horns : with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar :
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor, when the war is over, is it peace ;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release ;
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd
he lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own :
And therefore to repair his strength he tries,
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise ;
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies. }
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind : his heels the sand excite ;
But, when he stands collected in his might, }
He roars, and promises a more successful fight. }
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;

The waters boil, and belching, from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.

Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find.
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame :
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

'Tis with this rage, the mother-lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young :
Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes ;
In woods and fields, a wild destruction makes :
Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move,
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that, in the desert land
Of Libya, travels o'er the burning sand !
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare :
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain ;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain :
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes ;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise :
He rubs his sides against a tree ; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when Love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart ?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took :
About him, and above, the billows broke :

The sluices of the sky were open spread ;
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And every boding omen of the main :
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course ;
No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make
With their fierce rivals for the female's sake,
The howling wolves', the mastiffs' amorous rage ;
When e'en the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair:
For, when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she reuds the rein.
For this, (when Venus gave them rage and power) }
Their master's mangled members they devour, }
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love, they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When, at the spring's approach, their marrow burns
(For with the spring their genial warmth returns),
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air :
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hills' unequal height ;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
Nor southward to the rainy regions, run ;
But boring to the west, and hovering there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air,

With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.

The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.

This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of power,
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,
And mix, for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice:

But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue,
Surveying nature with too nice a view. }

Let this suffice for herds : our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.

Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow
'To raise my subject from a ground so low ;
And the mean matter, which my theme affords,
To embellish with magnificence of words.

But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides ;
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discoveries make.

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep,
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep :
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold ;
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next, let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst.
Feed them with winter-browse ; and, for their lair,
A cote, that opens to the south, prepare ;

Of morning dews, and after break their fast
On green-sward ground—a cool and grateful taste.
But, when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews ;
When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind ;
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend,
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.
Once more to watering lead ; and feed again
When the low sun, is sinking to the main,
When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews,
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains,
Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains,
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or through continued deserts take their way,
And, feeding, add the length of night to day? }
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go ;
Nor folds nor hospitable harbour know :
Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
Allures their eyes : the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears,
His house and household gods, his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long laborious marches overcome,

Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe.

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold,
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold,
Nor he who treads the bleak Mæotian strand,
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand,
Early they stall their flocks and herds ; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests, wear :
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow ;
And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow. }

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
Too weak, the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd ;
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd,
A hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen caldrons with the frosts are flaw'd ;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd ;
With axes first they cleave the wine : and thence,
By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard,
Meantime, perpetual sleet and driving snow
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls ;
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wintry walls
Of snow congeal'd ; whole herds are buried there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war

With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight;
And, while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire :
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt the inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away ;
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Rhipæan race, and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch,
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care ? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow ;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed :
Then of the purest white select thy breed,
E'en though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste, for husband to thy fold :
But search his mouth ; and, if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock ;
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we
May trust report) Pan, god of Arcady,
Did bribe thee, Cynthia ; nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.

If milk be thy design, with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass ; and from the marshy land

Salt herbage for the foddering rack provide,
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide.
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The savour of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
Their morning milk the peasants press at night ;
Their evening meal, before the rising light,
To market bear or sparingly they steep
With seasoning salt, and stor'd for winter keep.

Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs : but feed
With fattening whey the mastiffs' generous breed,
And Spartan race ; who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief,
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain-robbers rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer,
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.

With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls,
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race :
For often, under stalls unmov'd, they lie,
Obscure in shades, and shunning heaven's broad eye :
And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed—
Whether to rooify houses they repair,
Or sun themselves abroad in open air,
In all abodes, of pestilential kind
To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, shepherd, take a plant of stubborn oak,
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke,

Or with hard stones demolish from afar
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war ;
Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires ;
Till, stretch'd in length, the' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides, }
And in some secret cranny slowly glides ; }
But leaves, expos'd to blows, his back and bat- }
ter'd sides. }

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head ;
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track ;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back.
While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heavens the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs ;
But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks,
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks,
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threats.
Oh! let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer livery rolls along, }
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue, }
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young, }
And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear }
The hopes of poison for the following year. }

The causes and the signs shall next be told,
Of every sickness that infects the fold.

A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick,
Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within ;
Or, when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins ;
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.

Good shepherds, after shearing, drench their
sheep ;

And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil ;
Or, from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs,
With scum that on the molten silver swims ;
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees,
And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the seas. }
Receipts abound : but searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,
And cut the head : for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground,
While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands, }
And, when the lancing-knife requires his hands, }
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven de-
mands.'

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat,
The ready cure to cool the raging pain
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian shepherds found :
The' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,

And Gelons, use it, when for drink and food
They mix their crudled milk with horses' blood.

But, where thou seest a single sheep remain
In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain,
Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,
Or late to lag behind with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter-seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oftener bring the nation to decay,
And sweep the present stock and future hope
away.

A dire example of this truth appears,
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains,
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherds'
happy reigns.

Here from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise :
During the' autumnal heats the' infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew,
Poisoning the standing lakes, and pools impure ;
Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death! for, when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk,
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, e'en then
A waterish humour swell'd and ooz'd again,
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars press'd,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dress'd,

Sunk of himself, without the gods' command,
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
The' inspected entrails could no fates foretell ;
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise :
But clouds of smouldering smoke forbade the sacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous
rack.

The fawning dog runs mad ; the wheezing swine
With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the chine :
The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground ; and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears :
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs. }
Such are the symptoms of the young disease ;
But, in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes ; he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath ; which, from his lungs supplied,
And fetch'd from far, distends his labouring side.
To his rough palate his dry tongue succeeds ;
And ropy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd,
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd,
Which, timely, taken op'd his closing jaws,
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause :
For the too vigorous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.

Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough),
Falls down and dies; and, dying, spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins;
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in the' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer, no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can ease, nor crystal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace;
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil?
And yet he never sup'd in solemn state
(Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate),
Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food,
The wholesome herbage and the running flood:
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright:
His pains by day secur'd his rest at night.

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
Scratch'd, with a rake, a furrow for his grain;
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again. }
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders, draws the waggon's weight.

The nightly wolf, that round the enclosure prowld
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold,
Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe,
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go,
And round the dwellings roam of man, their
fiercer foe.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcasses, are driven aground,
And mighty phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found :
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed :
To birds their native heavens contagious prove ;
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,
Or trust to physic : physic is their bane.
The learned leeches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round ;
Before her drives Diseases and Affright,
And every moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers, and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow :
To death at once whole herds of cattle go :
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall ; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie,
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground :

For useless to the currier were their hides ;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean-tides
Be freed from filth ; nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the savour tame :
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store,
(Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with
gore),
Or touch the web : but, if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews that loathsome lice beget ;
Till the slow-creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life
his prey.

GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of each Georgic. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals; and, in the last, he singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic, he shows us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the general diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost; and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
Ærial honey, and ambrosial dews.

Mæcenas read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings—
A mighty pomp, though made of little things. }

Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose.
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind
(For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive),
Far from the cows' and goats' insulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and brush the dew.
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away—
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Procne, with her bosom stain'd in blood :
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air, }
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare. }
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass :
And plant (the winds' impetuous rage to stop)
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop ;
That, when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to swarm—
When first their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleasures of their native spring—
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat,
And neighbouring trees with friendly shade invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
A passage for thy weary people make ;
With osier floats the standing water strow :
Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow ;

But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay :
Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yew, their poisonous neighbour,
 grows; [their nose.]
Nor roast red crabs, to' offend the niceness of
Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground ;
Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.'

For what remains, when golden suns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year,
The winged nation wanders through the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies ;
Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They skim the floods, and sip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ :
They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,
And make provision for the future state :
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to sustain their lives.
But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend ; [bend.
And know, to floods or woods, their airy march they
Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound ;
With these alluring savours strew the ground ;
And mix with tinkling brass the cynibal's dron- }
ing sound.

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
But, if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive),
The vulgar in divided factions jar ;
And murmuring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,
With shouts, the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight :
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitate the trumpet's angry sounds :
Then to their common standard they repair ;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air ;

In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Press'd for their country's honour, and their king's, }
On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings, }
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their }
wings. }

Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride ; }
The trusty guards come up, and close the side ; }
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defied. }
Thus, in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king.
Crowd through their gates ; and, in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight.
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound ;
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain ;
Nor shaken oaks such showers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign sway,
The two contending princes make their way ;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go,
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty sculs in narrow bodies press'd,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast ;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die,
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails—for one can only reign.
Yet all these dreadful deeds, this deadly fray, }
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay, }
And undecided leave the fortune of the day. }
When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right ;
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.

With ease distinguish'd is the regal race :
One monarch wears an honest open face :
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales ; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.

That other looks like nature in disgrace :
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face ; { race,
And like their grisly prince appear his gloomy }
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train }
That long have travel'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust }
again.

The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue ;
Glittering and ardent, though in body less :
From these, at pointed seasons, hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use,
To allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.

But, when the swarms are eager of their play,
And lothe their empty hives, and idly stray,
Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The task is easy—but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings,
At their command, the people swarm away :
Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.

Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight—
Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and savory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hastening to the harbour tend, }
My song to flowery gardens might extend—
To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
The Pæstan roses, and their double spring;
How succory drinks the running streams, and how
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep—
The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale:
For, where with stately towers Tarentum stands,
And deep Galæsus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know, }
Lord of few acres, and those barren too,
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow: }
Yet, labouring well his little spot of ground,
Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found,
Which cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholesome poppy-flowers, to mend his homely
board:

For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease, }
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own, did please. }
To quit his care, he gather'd, first of all,
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:

And, when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bear's-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of
sloth.

He therefore first among the swains was found }
To reap the product of his labour'd ground, }
And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd. }
His limes were first in flowers : his lofty pines, }
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines. }
For every bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd,
He knew to rank his elms in even rows, }
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose, }
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes. }
With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
But straiten'd in my space, I must forsake,
This task, for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services,
When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons : beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a several stall ;
All is the state's ; the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain ;
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside ;
And some are sent new forage to provide.

These drudge in fields abroad ; and those at home }
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, narcissus-leaves, and clammy gum. }
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive ;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive ;
Sweet honey some condense ; some purge the grout ;
The rest in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut :
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive :
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds :
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As, when the Cyclops, at the' almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies ;
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating air :
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare :
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row ; }
With labour'd anvils *Ætna* groans below. }
Strongly they strike ; huge flakes of flames expire ;
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care ;
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee—
That in the field ; this, in affairs of state
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall :
But, late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden, home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies ;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs :

He spoils the saffron flowers ; he sips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common ; common is their sleep ;
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep ;
Rush through the city-gates without delay ;
Nor ends their work, but with declining day.
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night,
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day ;
But near the city-walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.

And as, when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat ;
So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight
Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.

But (what's more strange) their modest appetites,
Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No lust enervates their heroic mind,
Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind ;
But in their mouths reside their genial powers :
They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat,
And thus their little citizens create, }
And waxen cities build, the palaces of state. }
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burdens which they bear :
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats ;
And such a zeal they have for flowery sweets.

Thus though ¹ the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of seven short years is done,
The' immortal line in sure succession reigns ;
The fortune of the family remains ;
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains. }

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With servile awe their idol king adore :
While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent :
But the great monarch's death dissolves the go-
vernment.

All goes to ruin ; they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys,
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise :
Him they extol ; they worship him alone ;
They crowd his levees, and support his throne :
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout ;
And, when their sovereign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of ethereal thought—
Endued with particles of heavenly fires ;
For God the whole created mass inspires.
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth, he
throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
fowls,

With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls;
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again.

¹ Dr. Carey reads *through*.

No room is left for death: they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now, when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
And, by prerogative, to break their doors;
With sprinkled water first the city choke,
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.

Two honey-harvests fall in every year:

First when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas:

Again, when their affrighted choir surveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection
find. }

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault the' aggressor's face,
And through the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But, if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And would'st preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth;
And worms that shun the light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat;
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain;
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms;
Or secret moths are there in silence fed;
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind:

With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.

But, since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state,—
Observe the symptoms. When they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay, [stare ;
They change their hue ; with haggard eyes they
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair :
And crowds of dead that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne : }
Their friends attend the hearse ; the next rela-
tions mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp,
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.
Soft whispers then, and broken sounds, are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd ;
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou scest, galbanean odours use,
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
To invite the people to their wonted food.
Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
And raisins from the grapes of *Psythian* vines ;
To these add pounded galls, and roses dry, [taury.
And, with *Cecropian* thyme, strong-scented cen-
A flower there is, that grows in meadow-ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found ;
For, from one root, the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs :
The flower itself is glorious to behold,
And shines on altars like refulgent gold—

Sharp to the taste—by shepherds near the stream
Of Mella found ; and thence they gave the name.
Boil this restoring root in generous wine,
And set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine.
But, if the labouring kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with care or cost ;
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
The Arcadian master did of old impart ;
And how he stock'd his empty lives again,
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring :

For, where with seven-fold horns mysterious Nile
Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle,
And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific
sands—

That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found.
First, in a place by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike,
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread :
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies : his bowels, bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin,
Extended thus in this obscene abode
They leave the beast ; but first sweet flowers are
strow'd

Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play ;
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then (wondrous to behold) new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs ;
'Till, shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings,
And, more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly :
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods—
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes—
With such a tempest through the skies they steer ;
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What god, O Muse ! this useful science taught ?
Or by what man's experience was it brought ?

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled—
His bees with famine or diseases dead :
On Penæus banks he stood, and near his holy
head ;

And, while his falling tears the stream supplied,
Thus, mourning, to his mother goddess cried :
' Mother Cyrene ! mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood ?
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high king ?
O ! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son ?

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?
Whom scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
 plough,
The needful aids of human life allow :
So wretched is thy sou, so hard a mother thou !
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn ;
Root up my trees ; with blights destroy my corn ;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage ; let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
But, from her mossy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound—
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they plied ; their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio, with Drymo brown, and Xantho fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair ;
Cydiippe with Lycorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid ;
Clio and Beroë, from one father both :
Both girt with gold, and clad in particolour'd cloth ;
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud ;
Nisæa lofty, with Ligea loud ;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad,
And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,
But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd.
To these Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars ; and Vulcan's unavailing cares ;
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears ;
Again the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears.

Starting at once from their green seats, they rise—
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes;
But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head,
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said: }

‘O sister, not with causeless fear possess’d!
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast,
’Tis Aristæus, ’tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands,
Upbraiding heaven, from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.’

Cyrene, mov’d with love, and seiz’d with fear,
Cries out, ‘Conduct my son; conduct him here:
’Tis lawful for the youth, deriv’d from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.’
At once she wav’d her hand on either side;
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv’d, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother’s watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar;
He hears the crackling sounds of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods;
And where, distinguish’d in their several cells,
The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus, dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majestic forehead rears;
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis profound
Breaks through the’ opposing rocks with raging
sound;

Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods :
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears :
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now, to the court arriv'd, the admiring son
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
Now to his mother-goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
'The' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With waters drawn from their perpetual spring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry ;
Then load the tables with a liberal feast,
And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.

The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke ;
And the bright choir their kindred gods invoke :
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine ;
Then thus : ' Let these be pour'd, with rites
divine,

To the great authors of our watery line—

To father Ocean, this ; and this, (she said)

Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,

Who rule the watery plains, and hold the wood-
land shade.'

She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the Vestal-fire,

Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.

Rais'd with so bless'd an omen, she begun,

With words like these, to cheer her drooping son :

' In the Carpathian bottom, makes abode

The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god.

High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,

His azure car and finny coursers guides—

Proteus his name :—To his Pallenian port
 I see from far the weary god resort.
 Him, not alone, we river gods adore,
 But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
 With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
 His scaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
 Implore his aid ; for Proteus only knows
 The secret cause, and cure, of all thy woes.
 But first the wily wizard must be caught !
 For, unconstrain'd, he nothing tells for nought ;
 Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery, bought.
 Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind ;
 Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
 I will myself conduct thee on thy way :
 When next the southing sun inflames the day,
 When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
 And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain ;
 Then will I lead thee to his secret seat,
 When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
 The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
 His eyes with heavy slumber overcast—
 With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast.
 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold :
 The slippery god will try to loose his hold,
 And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
 And with vain images of beasts affright ;
 With foamy tusks he seems ² a bristly boar,
 Or imitates the lion's angry roar ;
 Breaks out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
 Hisses a dragon, or a tiger stares ;

² Dr. Carey reads *will seem*, and adapts the whole sentence, to that construction.

Or, with a wile thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempts to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care,
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen.'

This said, with nectar she her son anoints ;
Infusing vigour through his mortal joints :
Down from his head the liquid odours ran ;
He breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes,
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide,
And there like sentries set, without the mouth }
abide :

A station safe for ships when tempests roar,
A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
Secure within resides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
The goddess guides her son, and turns him from }
the light :
Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight. }

'Twas noon ; the sultry dog-star from the sky
Scorch'd Indian swains ; the rivell'd grass was dry ;
The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud ;
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves.
His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
And rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea :
Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself, their herdsman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home,
When lowing calves and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
The occasion offers, and the youth complies :
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part :
Then roaring beasts, and running streams, he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies :
But, having shifted every form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape,
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke :
' Audacious youth ! what madness could provoke
A mortal man to invade a sleeping god !
What business brought thee to my dark abode ?

To this, the' audacious youth : ' Thou know'st
full well

My name and business, god : nor need I tell.
No man can Proteus cheat : but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come to implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore.'
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage,
And gnash'd his teeth, and cried, ' No vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward ;
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard.

For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife :
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.

To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side,
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air :
The realms of Mars remurmur all around,
And echoes to the Athenian shores rebound.

The unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought his mournful mind with music to
restore. }

On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung : his griefs with day begun, }
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun, }
E'en to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way through forests void of light,
And dar'd, amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before the inexorable king.

The infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side—
(Not flocks of birds, when driven by storms or night,
Stretch to the forests with so thick a flight)—

Men, matrons, children, and the unmarried maid, }
The mighty hero's more majestic shade ³, [laid. }
And youths, on funeral piles before their parents }
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds ;

³ This whole line is taken from the marquis of Normanby's translation. Dryden.

A baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nineslow circling streams, the' unhappy ground.
E'en from the depths of hell the damn'd advance ;
The' infernal mansions, nodding, seem to dance ;
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl ;
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl ;
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel,
All dangers past at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide,
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air—
He first ; and close behind him follow'd she—
For such was Proserpine's severe decree—
When strong desires the' impatient youth invade,
By little caution and much love betray'd :
A fault, which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive :
For, near the confines of ætherial light,
And longing for the glimmering of a sight,
The unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke ;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
Of covenants broke : three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride : ' What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man ! to lose thyself and me ?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes :
And now farewell ! involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join
In sweet embraces—ah ! no longer thine !"

She said ; and from his eyes the fleeting fair ;
Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air,
And left the hopeless lover in despair. }
In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade :
He prays ; he raves ; all means in vain he tries, }
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise : }
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes. }
Nor would the infernal ferryman once more
Be brib'd to waft him to the further shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love !
What notes invent ? what new petitions move ?
Her soul already was consign'd to Fate,
And shivering in the leaky sculler sate.
For seven continued months, if Fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew :
By Strymon's freezing streams he sate alone :
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan ;
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs ;
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawn-
ing tongues.
So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother-nightingale laments alone,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd the unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains ;
And melancholy music fills the plains.
Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
The unhappy climes where spring was never known ;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons—who the youth accus'd
 Of love disdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd—
 With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
 At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
 Whom e'en the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field.
 Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne,
 E'en then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride ; }
 With his last voice, ' Eurydice,' he cried ; }
 ' Eurydice,' the rocks and river-banks replied. }
 This answer Proteus gave ; nor more he said, }
 But in the billows plung'd his hoary head ; }
 And, where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely }
 spread. }

The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear :
 ' For now (said she) the cause is known, from
 whence

Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence
 The nymphs, companions of the unhappy maid,
 This punishment upon thy crimes have laid ;
 And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.—
 With vows and suppliant prayers their powers ap-
 pease ;

The soft Napæan race will soon repent ⁴
 Their anger, and remit the punishment.
 The secret in an easy method lies ;
 Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
 Which on Lycæus graze without a guide !
 Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untried ;
 For these, four altars in their temple rear,
 And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.

⁴ Dr. Cary reads *relent*.

From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood :
Nine mornings thence, Lethæan poppy bring,
To appease the manes of the poet's king ^s.
And, to propitiate his offended bride,
A fatted calf and a black ewe provide :
This finish'd, to the former woods repair.' }
His mother's precepts he performs with care ; }
The temple visits, and adores with prayer ;
Four altars raises ; from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls ;
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke,
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and prayers,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy for from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms :
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms,
Dark as a cloud, they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, descending, light :
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependance from the bough.

Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees ;
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war ;
With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws ;
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven pursues ;

^s Poet-king in Dr. Carey's edition.

While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise ;
And, bold through youth, beneath the beechen
 shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

END OF VOL. I.

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